

## SOBRIETY

1.

a tequila would have been nice tonight.  
a cold beer would have been good. even  
a glass of white wine would've been ok.

there's no fire in this ice water, no  
tang in the pear apple juice, only  
bitterness in my untainted Schwepp's  
bitter lemon.

2.

the trouble with goddam Pepsi is it  
keeps you sober and gives you something  
to hold onto, but it won't let you sleep  
at night. then you've got to get up  
and have some booze to kill the caffeine  
and you're right back where you started.

3.

someone hands you a bottle of Two Fingers  
and it goes down white hot, you could  
clean your carburetor with this stuff.  
then a can of Coors to hold it down and  
mellow it and next thing you know  
you're there, shitfaced again  
fumbling with quarters at the jukebox,  
looking for a tune you just gotta hear.

## GODZILLA IN TOKYO BAY

Celebration fell over Tokyo  
relief at the supposed dead Godzilla.

Out in the harbour  
a steam boat cruises aimless. Boogie  
Woogie, party lanterns, two Geisha  
dancing like coeds at a sock-hop  
a lavish display of american cigarettes.

A carefree couple careens  
off the dance floor  
to the edge of the ship. Her gaze  
drifts out into the blackened waters.

That familiar grate. Like 10,000  
boxcars. An illuminated burble:  
screeches. The wet lizard rises,  
glistening black, breathing flame.

O Godzilla, awaken us from rubber dreams.  
Give us something to pray for. And  
make all the Japs rich, too.

#### THE RUSSIAN AUTHOR AND THE CREAM PIE

Unfamiliar with American ways, he tries to put kopecks into the Servomation machine. His fur cap seems at least out of place, if not ridiculous, in this balmy California summer.

Upstairs he lugs his dreary novels. She finds him out, offers her coed charms. Kiss me, stupid. He steps forward into a chocolate cream.

Go figure women anyway. Somebody hand the man a towel.

#### LOVE ON A ROOF TOP

We are newly-weds. We live  
in an attic apartment. My  
meagre salary as an apprentice  
architect barely supports us.

Evenings we eat pizza in bed.  
The man next door befriends us.  
He is a genius and works  
for an ad agency. He tries out  
jingles on us.

We decorate the place in  
second-hand camp. Wild antics  
in bed. The joy of cold feet  
on linoleum.

Your love for me  
astounds the neighbors.

We buy a big brass bed. It  
gets away and rolls down a  
San Francisco hill.

You want kittens, parakeets,  
babies. I work hard nights,  
drawing famous buildings,  
monuments to you.